

There is another edition of his tale, identical in all respects, and evidently by the same printer, but marked "Printed for John Fielding, Stationer, no. 10, Row", "Price One Shilling and Six Pence". It is undated.

T H E
C A C I Q U E
OF
O N T A R I O.
AN
INDIAN TALE.



L O N D O N,

Printed for A. CLEUGH, N^o 23 Ratcliff Highway.

Price One Shilling

1789.

THE

ORIGINAL

MANUSCRIPT

OF THE

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE Author of the following Tale has endeavoured to adhere as closely as possible to the true representation of Indian manners: And if in some passages, the change from enmity to friendship, or from friendship to enmity, shall seem abrupt, he begs that any censure against him may be suspended, till enquiry be made, whether or not, in rude and savage minds, such sudden, and seemingly violent transitions, may not be natural.— Tho' the Tale be in prose, the Author does not affect measured or fractical prose: At the same time his respect for his readers, has made him attend to the diction, in so far as not to appear before them in a slovenly or careless manner. His intention was to interest, or amuse them; and he offers them his performance with the utmost diffidence.

T H E

T H E
C A C I Q U E
O F
O N T A R I O.
A N I N D I A N T A L E.

MARANO, amiable in her sorrow, sat alone by a shelving rock. She fought in solitude to indulge the anguish of her soul. She leaned on her snowy arm. Her tresses flowed careless to the gale. The blooming beauty of her complexion was flushed with weeping. Her blue eyes were full of tender anxiety; and her bosom heaved with repeated sighs.

“When will he return!” she said, “my beloved ONEYO! the husband of my affections! How I long to behold him! Ye waves of ONTARIO, convey him to his native shore; restore him to his friends, restore him to my tender embrace. O when shall I behold him? When will the swift canoe come bounding over the lake, and waft

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“the

“ the hero to his gladsome isle ! Yes, thou happy isle ! Thy rocks, thy
“ resounding glades, and thy forests shall then rejoice. Gladness shall
“ be in the village. The Elders shall come forth to receive him. The
“ festival shall be prepared. Ah me ! Peradventure he hath perished !
“ Or now expires in some bloody field ! Impetuous in his valour, and
“ eager in the ardour of youth, perchance he rushes on the foe, and
“ falls !” While MARANO thus indulged her inquietude, the venerable
ONONTHIO was drawing nigh to console her. He had perceived the
uneasiness of her soul, and had followed her unobserved from the village.
He was the father of ONEYO, one of the Elders of the nation, revered
for his wisdom, and beloved for his humanity. Temperate in his youth
and active, in his old age he was vigorous and chearful. The furrows
on his brow, were not those of anxiety, but of time. His gait was
stately, and his aspect gracious. He loved MARANO with the affection
of a father. “ Be comforted,” he said ; “ give not thy soul to despon-
“ dency. The great SPIRIT who rides in the whirlwind, and speaks
“ from the passing thunder, the father and governor of all things, will
“ protect thee. But to merit his favour, be resigned to his will. It is
“ impious to anticipate misery, and render ourselves unhappy before we
“ are actually afflicted. Yet capricious inconsistent mortals, timid at
“ once and presumptuous, tremble with the imagination of danger, and
“ complain as if their sufferings were real. They create miseries to
“ themselves, and arrogantly charge them on the ALMIGHTY. Beware,
“ my-daughter, beware of rebellion against the ALMIGHTY SPIRIT. If
“ you repine inconsiderately, if you complain without actual cause, you
“ rebel. He hath commanded us to be happy, he is ever offended with
“ our disobedience ; but if we encourage groundless anxiety, we disobey.
“ By destroying your own tranquillity, you are no less an enemy to the
“ general system of happiness he hath ordained, than if you injured the
“ peace of another. Be comforted. ONEYO may soon return loaded
“ with

“with the spoils of the Briton, and extolled by the gallant warriors of France.”

“To see my husband return in safety,” she replied, “is the sum of my desires. To see him loaded with the spoils of the Briton will be no addition to my joy.” The Indian seemed astonished. “Have you forgotten,” she continued, “that I myself am a Briton? That I was carried violently from my father’s house, when the OUTAGAMI ravaged our land, and carried terror to the gates of Albany? My parents perished. I was yet a child, but I remember the bloody carnage. My brother of riper years was rescued, but I became the prey of their fury. Since that time, many years are elapsed; yet at the name of Briton, my bosom glows with peculiar transport.”

“I fondly imagined,” answered the Indian, “that you loved us. We named you after the manner of our tribe. But your affections are estranged, and you languish for the land of your fathers. I called you my daughter, but, MARANO, you would leave me.” Uttering these words he looked tenderly upon her. “You would leave me,” he repeated, and a tear rose in his eye. MARANO was affected. She clasped his hand and pressed it to her rosy lips. “No I will never leave thee. My heart is thine and my beloved ONEYO’s. I revere thee. Can I forget thy compassion. Can I forget the dreadful day when the OUTAGAMI, in an assembly of their nation, decreed me a sacrifice to their god ARESKOU. You was present on an embassy from your people. ONEYO in the bloom of early years had accompanied his father. He was beside you. He sighed when he beheld me weeping. Alas! I was feeble, friendless, and beset with foes. ONEYO intreated you to relieve me. Your own heart was affected, you interposed in my behalf, you redeemed me and called me your’s. ONEYO hastened to my deliverance, he loosened my fetters and clasped me to his breast. Our affection grew with our years: you beheld it with kind indul-

“ gence, and ratified our wishes with your consent. I have heard of
“ European refinements, of costly raiment and lofty palaces; yet to me
“ the simplicity of these rocks and forests seems far more delightful.
“ But if ONEYO returns not, I am undone. Many moons have arisen
“ since with the flower of our tribe he departed. The matrons are
“ already wailing for their sons.—ONEYO, alas! is impetuous, and the
“ warriors of Albion are undaunted. The blood of their foes has
“ already tinged the Ohio; Canada trembled at their approach, and
“ may ere now have become the prize of their valour. Ah me! if thy
“ son hath fallen, grief will subdue thee; I know the tenderness of
“ thine affection, it will pull thee down to the grave. Who then will
“ be a comforter to me? Who will be my friend? Among a strange
“ people I have no father to protect me, no brother to counsel and give
“ me aid.”

ONONTHIO was about to reply, when an Indian from the village accosted them. He told them with a sorrowful aspect that the hopes of their tribe were blasted, for that some Indians of a neighbouring nation, having returned from Canada, brought certain intelligence of the total overthrow of their friends; that they had with difficulty escaped; that ONEYO was seen fierce and intrepid in the heat of the battle; that he was surrounded by the foe, and must have fallen a victim to their fury.

MARANO was overwhelmed. ONONTHIO heaved a sigh: but the hapless condition of his daughter, and the desire of yielding her consolation, suspended and relieved his sorrow. “ If my son hath fallen,” he said, “ he hath fallen as became a warrior. His praise shall be preserved by his kindred and descend to posterity in the war-song. His name shall terrify the European, when the chieftains of future times rushing fierce from their forests, shall surround his habitations at midnight, and raise the yell of death in his ear. ONEYO shall not die unrevenged.” “ He shall not,” interrupted the Indian. “ The messengers

“sengers of our misfortune hovered after the discomfiture of their
“allies, around the walls of Quebec. They surprised a party of the
“foe ; they have brought captives to our islands : the Elders of the
“nation are now assembled : they have doomed them a sacrifice to the
“memory of the dead, and defer their execution only till your arrival.”
“Alas !” said MARANO, “the sacrifice of a captive will afford me
“small consolation. Will the death of a foe restore life to my hus-
“band ? Or heal his ghastly wounds ? Or reanimate his breathless
“bosom ? Leave me to my woe. Leave me to wail on these lonely
“mountains. Here I will not long be a sojourner. I will away to
“my love. I will meet him beyond the deserts, in some blissful
“valley, where no bloody foe shall invade us. Leave me to my
“sorrow, for I will not live.” She intreated in vain : the Indian
was urgent, and ONONTHIO seconded his solicitation.

That nation of Indians of which ONEYO was a leader, inhabited
an island in the lake Ontario. Their principal village was situated
by a pleasant stream issuing from a rock, and running through
a narrow valley into the lake. The surrounding hills were adorned
with forests. The adjacent meadows were arrayed with verdure, or
enamelled with flowers. The village was of a circular form, and was
fenced by a wooden pallisade. The walls of the cottages were com-
posed of green turf with interwoven branches, and the roofs were
covered with reeds and withered leaves. Every thing was simple.
No pompous pillars, embellished with quaint devices and the pa-
rade of masonry, lifted the lofty edifice to the skies. No magni-
ficent temples, no threatening battlements, no stupendous domes
nor palaces, flattered the vanity of priests, politicians and soldiers.
The young men of the nation in the prime of health and vigour,
were usually engaged in the chase. Their principal business was
to provide sustenance for the community, or to defend them against
any

any hostile assault. The women, and all who were too old or too young to engage in any toilsome or hazardous enterprize, remained at the village, and had a variety of occupations suited to their age and condition. They improved some adjacent fields for the culture of maize and other salutary plants. They also cultivated medicinal herbs, studied their virtues, and prepared them for use. The women, besides the care of their children, and other domestic concerns, were dexterous in weaving apparel, the materials of which were supplied by the rind of odoriferous trees; and in extracting tinctures from various herbs and blossoms, to stain the faces of their warriors, and render their aspect more terrible in the field. They were particularly ingenious in weaving strings and girdles of Wampum. These, according as the colours were variously combined, served them as tokens of friendship to their kindred, allies, and the captives whom they adopted into their tribe. Their children were early inured to labour, danger, and fatigue; and were soon initiated in the use of the bow, the oar, the tomahawk, and the javelin. When their young men returned from the chase, or from any warlike expedition, the whole village was a scene of joy and festivity. Both old and young mingled in the dance, and recorded the exploits of their warriors in the song. But when any business of consequence was to be transacted, every thing was conducted with gravity and composure. The Elders of the village, who were promoted to authority not by fraud or violence, but who were revered agreeably to the simplicity of nature for their wisdom and experience, assembled in an open space in the center of the village, and deliberated beneath a venerable oak. The business was proposed, and every one declared his opinion sedately, and without interruption. Their decrees were ratified by a majority of voices, and every one acquiesced in their decisions. In this manner they lived

lived innocent and happy. As they had no particular property, they were untainted with the love of wealth, that bane of social felicity, that poison of the heart. As they possessed every thing in common, they knew not the pangs of avarice, nor the torment of apprehended poverty. No sort of consequence was conferred by riches, and they were innocent of guile, perfidy, and oppression. Power and authority could only be obtained by superior and acknowledged merit; they were exerted without any vain parade; there was therefore no room for ambition, no occasion of envy, nor any incitement to revenge. Temperate and inured to labour, they were brave, vigorous and active. Their affections of love and friendship, as they were unwarped by unnatural distinctions, and unrestrained by supercilious and pedantic formalities, were ardent and unaffected. They expressed their emotions with all the freedom and simplicity of nature: their joy was rapturous, and their sorrow vehement.

They were therefore no sooner informed of the death of ONEYO and of their brethren, than they abandoned themselves to loud lamentation. The matrons, with rent garments and dishevelled tresses, ran forth into the fields, and filled the air with their wailing. They then crowded around the captives, whom in the bitterness of their woe, they loaded with keen invectives. The Elders were assembled: the boiling caldron into which the victims, after suffering every species of torment, were to be precipitated, was suspended over a raging fire; the knives, tomahawks, and other implements of cruelty, were exhibited in dreadful array; and the prisoners loaded with heavy fetters, were conducted to the place of sacrifice.

Tho' MARANO was deeply afflicted, the screams of the Indians, and the horrid preparations of torture, drew her attention to the prisoners. She regarded them with an eye of pity. Their leader
in

in the prime of youth was comely, vigorous and graceful. The fullness of undaunted and indignant valour was portrayed by nature in his fearless aspect. His eye full of ardour and invincible firmness surveyed the preparations of death with indifference, and shot defiance on the foe. His followers, though valiant, seemed incapable of the same obstinate resolution, their features betrayed symptoms of dismay; but turning to their leader, they were struck with his unshaken boldness, they resumed their native courage, and armed their minds with becoming fortitude. MARANO sighed. The sense of her own misfortune was for a moment suspended. "Peradventure," said she in her soul, "this valiant youth like ONEYO may be lamented. Some tender maiden to whom his faith has been plighted may now languish for his return. Some aged parent, whose infirmities he relieved and supported, may be sighing anxious for his safety. Or some orphan sister, helpless and forsaken like me, may by his death be made desolate." She then reflected on her own condition, and on the variety of her misfortunes. Carried into captivity in her early years she was a stranger to her people, and to her kindred. Her husband no longer existed: and he who had been to her as a father, overcome by age and calamity, was now declining into the grave. Yet, alive to compassion, she was moved for the unhappy victims. She admired the magnanimity of their leader, and in regarding him she felt unusual emotions, and a pang that she could not express. She longed to accost him. "He was of her nation! Could she behold him perish, and not endeavour to save him! Could she behold him tortured, nor shed a tear for his sufferings!" Meantime one of the Elders of the nation made a signal to the multitude. Immediate silence ensued. Then with a look of stern severity he thus addressed himself to the captive! "The caldron boils, the ax is sharpened. Be prepared for torture and painful death. The spirit of the deceased is yet among us: he lingers on the mountains,

"tains, or hovers amid the winds. He expects a sacrifice, and shall not chide our delay. Have you a parent or a friend? they shall never behold thee. Prepare for torture and painful death." "Infllict your tortures," he replied, "my soul contemns them. I have no parents to lament for SIDNEY. In Albany they were massacred; massacred by inhuman Indians. I had a Sister—I lost her. She was carried into captivity, and became the victim of your savage fury. I have friends, but they are fearless, for they are Britons. Infllict your tortures: my soul contemns them; but remember, the day of vengeance shall overtake you."

MARANO was astonished—"Of Albany! Rest of his parents by the sword! And of a sister!"—Suffice it to say, he was her brother—Mutual was their amazement, their affection mutual. She fell on his throbbing breast. He received her into his arms. His soul was softened. MARANO for a time was speechless. At length weeping, and in broken accents, "And have I found thee! A brother to solace and support me. Who will soothe me with sympathizing tenderness! Who will guide me through the weary wilderness of my sorrow! Who will be to me as a parent! I was desolate and forlorn; my soul languished and was afflicted; but now I will endure with patience." Then turning to the astonished multitude, "He is my brother! Born of the same parents! If I have ever merited your favour, O save him from destruction." They were deeply affected. "Be not dismayed," said ONONTHIO. He spoke with the consent of the Elders. "Be not dismayed. The brother of MARANO shall be to us as ONEYO." Then addressing himself with an air of dignity to the stranger. "Young man, I have lost a son, MARANO a husband, and our nation a gallant warrior. He was slain by the people of your land, and we are desirous of gratifying his spirit before it passes the mountains, by offering a sacrifice to his memory. But you are the brother of MARANO; by

“ her intercession we have changed our design, and adopt you into our
“ tribe. Be a brother to our people, and to me a son. Supply the place
“ of the dead ; and as you possess his valour, and steady boldness, may
“ you inherit his renown.” So saying, he presented to him the Calumet
of peace, and a girdle of Wampum. SIDNEY listened to him with respect,
but expressed amazement at a change so unexpected. “ To have
“ given him his life, would not have surprised him ; but the transition
“ from resentment to ardent and immediate friendship, exceeded his
“ comprehension.” “ You reason,” answered the Indian, “ according
“ to the maxims of Europeans, whose external guise is imposing, but
“ whose souls are treacherous and implacable. They array their countenance
with smiles, while perfidy is in their bosoms ; and they give
“ the hand of friendship, while they meditate injury. As their resentments
are ever mingled with malice, they are lasting. They are
“ not satisfied with testifying a sense of injury or insult sufficient to
“ secure them from future wrong, but endeavour to ruin the offender
“ and overwhelm him with utter infamy. Conscious of the bitterness
“ of their own souls, they impute a corresponding temper to their
“ adversaries. Their resentment instead of being lessened by gratification,
grows inveterate by fear, it waxes into hatred, and thus it
“ becomes easier for them to forgive the wrong they suffer, than the
“ injury they inflict. The implacable unforgiving temper produced
“ by malevolence, timidity, and conscious weakness, ever predominates
in effeminate and feeble natures. But the resentment of
“ generous souls is liberal, and leaves room for reconciliation and future
“ friendship. Men of mild and benevolent dispositions, unpolled by
“ covetous or ambitious desires, and therefore unimbittered by their
“ unhappy effects, by envy, rancour, and malice, are magnanimous
“ without any effort, ever desirous of being forgiven, and ever apt to
“ forgive. You was about to suffer death, and you accuse us in your
“ heart

“ heart of cruelty. But it is uncandid to pronounce of any man, to
“ whom the great Spirit hath imparted reason and reflection, that he
“ is more depraved than the wild beasts of the desert: for even they
“ are not cruel, but in their own defence, and for their own prefer-
“ vation. Judge not therefore of our conduct till you are acquainted
“ with our motives, and have reflected on our condition. He truly is
“ barbarous and inhuman, who to satisfy some lewd or selfish appetite,
“ unworthy of reason, unworthy of human nature, destroys the peace
“ of the innocent, practises guile against the unsuspecting, oppresses the
“ feeble and defenceless, betrays the friend of his bosom, or sells the
“ freedom of his people for gold. But the simple Indian is not
“ inhuman. Our reason may be obscured, but our principles are
“ innocent. Our passions may be excessive, but they are not corrupt.
“ Deeply afflicted for the calamity that hath befallen us, and moved
“ with high veneration for the memory of a gallant warrior, we
“ thought of gratifying his spirit, and of paying a tribute due to his
“ virtues. As we grieve not for the deceased who is happy, and whose
“ memory will be for ever revered, but for ourselves who are deprived
“ of him, our intention was not to injure you, but to honour the dead.
“ You was about to suffer death, but to a resolute undaunted warrior,
“ death is not an injury; it exempts him from corporeal infirmities,
“ and conveys him to the western vales of the blessed. Death is not
“ a misfortune but to the feeble, to those whose lives have dishonoured
“ their memory, who disgrace their nature by unseemly fears, and
“ affront the Almighty with their distrust. We admired your intre-
“ pidity and perseverance; and conscious of having entertained no
“ sentiment of hatred or malignity against you, nor any intention of
“ exposing your memory to insult or contempt, without fear or reserve
“ we now offer you our friendship.”

“ Can I,” answered the European, filled with astonishment and admiration, “ who am of a different origin, born of a people whom you have reason to execrate, and the votary of a different religion, can I be adopted into your nation ?”

“ It is the language of prejudice,” replied ONONTHIO, “ the simple, unaffected Indian, the child of nature, unwarped by servile prepossessions, is a stranger to your distinctions. Is not the great Spirit the father of us all ? Are we not all children of the same family ? And have we not in the structure both of body and mind, undoubted evidence of the same original ? Nature ever wise and provident for her children, attaches us to our friends, and rivets in magnanimous souls the unshaken love of their country. But nature never commanded us to hate or condemn the stranger. Avoid the contagion of vice, avoid all those whose corrupt and degenerate nature may contaminate the purity of your innocence, and infect your bosom with guilt. But every other distinction estranging us from mankind, and setting us at variance with society, is the offspring of pride and ignoble prejudice. That you are of a different religion I deny. Like the Indian, you acknowledge the power, wisdom, and benignity of the creating Spirit : It matters not tho’ the external form and mode of your acknowledgment be different, or though you discover his clemency and omnipotence in extraordinary and peculiar displays. Enjoy your faith, your freedom, and the love of your country ; but give us your friendship and intrepid valour.”

To this he replied, “ Tho’ I applaud freedom and elevation of sentiment, tho’ I regret the bigotry and narrow prejudices that disgrace human nature even in enlightened ages, yet I cannot allow that the uncivilized life of an Indian is preferable to the culture and refinement of Europe.”

“ Away

“ Away with your culture and refinement,” said ONONTHIO, “ Do they invigorate the soul, and render you intrepid? Do they enable you to despise pain and acquiesce in the will of heaven? Do they inspire you with patience, resignation and fortitude? No! They unnerve the soul. They render you feeble, plaintive, and unhappy. Do they give health and firmness? Do they enable you to restrain and subdue your appetites? No! they promote intemperance and mental anarchy. They give loose reins to disorder. The parents of discontent and disease! Away with your culture and refinement! Do they better the heart or improve the affections? The heart despises them. Her affections arise spontaneous. They require no culture. They bloom unbidden. They are essential to our existence, and nature hath not abandoned them to our caprice. All our affections as we receive them from nature are lively and full of vigour. By refinement they are enfeebled. How exquisite the sensations of youth! In the early seasons of life ye are moved with every tale of distress, and mingle tears of sympathy with every sufferer. Ye are then incapable of perfidy, and hold vice in abhorrence. In time ye grow callous; ye become resigned; your feelings are extinguished: ye scoff at benevolence, and reckon friendship a dream. Ye become unjust and perfidious; the slaves of avarice and ambition; the prey of envy, of malice, and revenge. Away with your refinement! enjoy the freedom and simplicity of nature. Be guileless—Be an Indian.”

Meantime the arrival of some canoes filled with armed warriors, attracted the notice of the assembly. They were transported with extacy and surprise when they described the ensign of their nation, and recognized some of their brethren whom they imagined slain. The hopes of MARANO were revived. She enquired eagerly for ONEYO. “ He perished,” answered an Indian. She grew pale, her voice faltered,

tered, faint and speechless, she fell back on the throbbing breast of ONONTHIO. "He perished," continued the Indian, "and with him the prime of our warriors. The armies of France and Britain were marshalled beneath the walls of Quebec. Direful was the havoc of battle. The earth trembled with the shock of the onset. The air was tortured with repeated peals. The commanders of both armies were slain. Their fall was glorious, for their souls were undaunted. Resentment inflamed the combatants. A keen and obstinate was the encounter. Albion at length prevailed. Her sons like a rapid torrent overthrew the ranks of their adversaries. We counselled ONEYO to retire. Raging against the foe, and performing feats of amazing valour, we saw him environed beyond all hope of retreat. We saw the impetuosity of a youthful warrior who brandished a bloody sword, rushing on to destroy him. We hastened from the field of death. We tarried some time in the adjacent forests, and observed the progress of the foe. The walls of our allies were overthrown. The sword of Albion will pursue us, and our shield, our gallant warrior, our ONEYO is no more."

This melancholy recital filled the audience with lamentation. But their sorrow was interrupted by the sudden astonishment of the narrator. Casting his eye accidentally on the Briton, "Seize him, tear him," he exclaimed; "his was the lifted sword I beheld! It was he cleft the breast of our chieftain! It was he that destroyed him."

The resentment of the assembly was again inflamed. "I am innocent of his blood," said the captive. But his declaration, and the entreaties of ONONTHIO in his behalf, were lost in furious screams and invectives. They dragged him again to the place of sacrifice. MARANO distracted with contending woes, "Spare him! spare him!" exclaimed, "He is my brother!" Fixing her eyes on him with a look of exquisite anguish, "whose hands are red with the blood of my husband!

"husband! and was there none but thee to destroy him?" "Tear him!" exclaimed the multitude. MARANO clasped him to her bosom, and turning to the outrageous and menacing crowd, with a wild and frantic demeanour, "Bloody, bloody though he be, I will defend him or perish! Let the same javelin transfix us both! Smite, and our kindred gore shall be mingled." The transcendent greatness of her calamity, who had lost a husband by the hand of a brother, and the resistless energy of her features, expressive of woe, tenderness and despair, awed the violence of the assembly, and disposed them to pity. ONONTHIO took advantage of the change. He waved his hand with parental love and authority. His hoary locks gave dignity to his gesture. The usual benignity of his countenance was softened with sorrow. He spoke the language of his soul, and was eloquent; spoke the language of feeling, and was persuasive. They listened to him with profound veneration, were moved, and deferred the sacrifice. He then comforted MARANO, and conveyed the captives to a place of security.

When they were apart from the multitude, "Tell me," said he to the Briton, "are you guiltless of the death of my son?" "I know not," he replied, for he had resumed the pride of indignant courage, "I know not whom I have slain. I drew my sword against the foes of my country, and I am not answerable for the blood I have spilt." "Young man," said ONONTHIO, full of solitude and parental tenderness, "O reflect on a father's feelings. I had an only son. He was valiant. He was the prop and solace of my old age: if he hath gone down to darkness and the grave, I have no longer any joy in existence. But if he lives, and lives by thy clemency, the prayers of an old man shall implore blessings upon thee, and the great Spirit shall reward thee." While he was yet speaking, a tear rose in his eye, his voice faltered, he sighed—"O tell me if my son survives."

"I flew

"I slew him not," he replied. "I know not that I slew thy son. To his name and quality I was a stranger. In the heat of the encounter a gallant Indian assailed me. He was tired and exhausted. I disarmed him, and my sword was lifted against his life." "Briton," said he, with a resolute tone, "think not that death dismays me. I have braved perils and the sword. I am not a suppliant for myself. I have an aged parent whose life depends upon mine: the wife of my bosom is a stranger among my people, and I alone can protect her." "Generous youth," I replied, "go comfort and protect thy friends. I sent him forthwith from the field. I never enquired into his condition, for in preserving him I obeyed my heart." MARANO and ONONTHIO were overjoyed. But reflecting that many days had elapsed since the discomfiture of their allies, and that hitherto they had received no intelligence of ONEYO, their joy suffered abatement.

Meantime ONONTHIO counselled his daughter to conduct the strangers to a distant retreat, and preserve them there, till by his influence and authority he had appeased the violence of his brethren. "Judge not unfavourably of my nation," said he, "from this instance of impetuosity. They follow the immediate impulse of nature, and are often extravagant. But the vehemence of passion will soon abate, and reason will resume her authority. You see nature unrestrained, but not perverted; luxuriant, but not corrupt. My brethren are wrathful; but to latent or lasting enmity they are utter strangers."

It was already night. The Indians were dispersed to their hamlets. The sky was calm, and unclouded. The full-orbed moon in serene and solemn majesty arose in the east. Her beams were reflected in a blaze of silver radiance from the smooth and untroubled breast of the lake. The gray hills and awful forests were solitary and silent. No noise was heard, save the roaring of a distant cascade, save the interrupted wailing of matrons, who lamented the untimely death of their sons.

sons. MARANO with the captives, issuing unperceived from the village, pursued their way along the silent shore, till they arrived at a narrow unfrequented recess. It was open to the lake, bounded on either side by abrupt and shelving precipices, arrayed with living verdure, and parted by a winding rivulet. A venerable oak overshadowed the fountain, and rendered the scene more solemn. The other captives were overcome with fatigue, and finding some withered leaves in an adjoining cavern, they indulged themselves in repose. MARANO conversed long with her brother, she poured out her soul in his sympathizing bosom, she was comforted and relieved. While she leaned on his breast, while his arm was folded gently around her, a balmy slumber surprised them. Their features even in sleep preserved the character of their souls. A smile played innocent on the lips of MARANO, her countenance was ineffably tender, and her tresses lay careless on her snowy bosom. The features of SIDNEY, of a bolder and more manly expression, seemed full of benignity and complacence. Calm and unruffled was their repose, they enjoyed the happy visions of innocence, and dreamed not of impending danger.

The moon in unrivalled glory had now attained her meridian, when the intermitting noise of rowers came slowly along the lake. A canoe was advancing, and the dripping oars arising at intervals from the water, shone gleaming along the deep. The boat-men silent and unobserved, moored their vessel on the sandy beach, and a young man of a keen and animated aspect, arrayed in the shaggy skin of a bear, armed with a bow and a javelin, having left his companions, was hastening along the shore. It was ONEYO. Having received wounds in the battle, he had been unable to prosecute his return, and had tarried with some Indians in the neighbourhood of Montreal. By the skilful application of herbs and balsams his cure was at length effectuated, and he returned impatient to his nation.

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“ I will

"I will return secretly," he said. "I will enjoy the sorrow and regret of MARANO and of my brethren, who doubtless believe me dead. I will enjoy the extacy of their affection, and their surprise on my unexpected arrival. My lovely MARANO now laments unconsoled. I will hasten to relieve her, and press her weeping with joy to my faithful transported bosom."

Such were the sentiments of anticipated rapture that occupied the soul of ONEYO, when he discovered MARANO in the arms of a stranger. He recoiled. He stood motionless in an agony of grief, anger, and astonishment. Pale and trembling he uttered some words incoherently. He again advanced, again recognized her, then turning abruptly, in bitter anguish, smiting his breast, "Faithless and inconstant," he cried, "and is this my expected meeting! In the arms of a stranger! Arrogant invader of my felicity! He shall perish! His blood shall expiate his offence." Fury flashed in his eye, he grasped his javelin, he aimed the blow, and recognized his deliverer. Surprise and horror seized him. "Injured by my deliverer! By him whom my soul revered! And shall I dip my hands in his blood! My life he preserved. Would to heaven he had slain me! Thus injured and betrayed ONEYO shall not live. Thou great Universal Spirit whose path is in the clouds! Whose voice is in the thunder! and whose eye pierces the heart! O conduct me to the blissful valley, for ONEYO will not live." He sighed. "One look, one parting look of my love. I believed her faithful, for her I lived, for her I die." He advanced towards her, he gazed on her with anguish and regret. "She will not weep for me! faithless and inconstant. She will exult! Exult to behold me bleeding! And shall it be? For this have I cherished her? Lavished my soul on her? To be betrayed! To give her love to a stranger?" He paused, trembled, his countenance grew fierce, his eye wild, he grasped his javelin.

—MARANO

—MARANO named him: her voice was soft and plaintive her visions were of ONEYO. "O come," she said, "hasten to thy love: Tarry not my ONEYO! How I long to behold thee!" "For this," said he, "I'll embrace thee." He embraced her; she awaked, discovered her husband, and flew eagerly into his arms. He flung from her in fierce indignation. "Away," he cried, "go cherish thy stranger. Away perfidious!" She followed him trembling and aghast. "He is my brother." "Thy brother—Stranger," said he to the Briton who now approached him, "you preserved my life. You are generous and valiant. Tell me then, am I to salute thee as a friend, and give full vent to my gratitude? Or must I view thee as a guileful seducer, and lift my javelin against thy life."

The Briton perceiving his error, answered him with brevity and composure: he related to him the circumstances of his captivity, and in confirmation appealed to the testimony of his father. The Indian was satisfied. He embraced them. They returned by morning to the village. ONONTHIO received them with becoming gladness, and the day was crowned with rejoicing.

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